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MUST WE GO BACKWARD?

NO SUMMER evening schools this year. The number of recreation centres reduced one half. More children crowded into classes already too big. Heavier burdens for overworked teachers. Substitutes to experiment where trained regulars ought to teach.

This is the "economy" the Board of Estimate exacts at the expense of the public schools—economy which, with its attendant skimping, crowding and deficiencies, will leave, as President Churchill of the Board of Education says, "a scar on the body of our public instruction."

The city's financial condition calls for prudent figuring. But it would be hard to convince most New Yorkers that retrenchment must begin by stinting the schools.

The city that cannot let its public schools advance, that cannot keep its children marching steadily on to new advantages and wider opportunities, that cannot find from year to year always more rather than less money for these purposes, is already out of the running. No Board of Estimate can persuade us that New York is in that class.

A GRAVE ERROR IN TACTICS.

THE advocates of votes for women wish to preserve the excellent reputation for seaminess and self-respect that has so far attended their fight for the cause in this country, they will be careful to what leaders they listen.

The militant raid which marred President Wilson's luncheon at the Biltmore this week has not ceased to be a source of shame and regret to the wiser heads of the movement. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the distinguished President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, declares

The greatest injury that has ever been done to the Suffrage cause is being done by the Congressional Union. If the members of that organization had deliberately planned to defeat the State Suffrage Amendment they could have done no better than in their onslaught, first upon Senator O'Gorman and through every move since, with the climax in the attempted heckling of President Wilson at a time when all patriotic American citizens are standing by him with their sympathy and their courage in his splendid efforts to preserve peace between our nation and Germany.

This is straight talk and has the ring of real leadership. It combines zeal with common sense, tact and a realization that the nation is bigger than any one issue.

What suffrage needs most is balance. What the suffragists lack is a boss.

A CHANCE TO RECIPROCATE.

WHENEVER charity starts to raise money it turns confidently to the stage. Nor is it ever disappointed. No professional worker puts his time and art oftener and more effectively at the service of others than the actor. Directly a fund for the needy at home or abroad wants boosting, benefits are the first thought. And the stage people give their scant afternoons or Sunday evenings with unflinching generosity.

Therefore, when actors make an appeal in behalf of their own admirable charity—the Fund which takes care of old and unfortunate members of the profession—it is up to the theatre-going public to show that it remembers and appreciates.

Nobody has to be urged to go to a Lamb's Gambol—at any price. This year the proceeds of three performances at the Century Theatre June 4 and 5 go to the Actors' Fund. New Yorkers should rally at the Hudson Theatre May 27 and make the auction sale of seats a memorable occasion—and a golden.

THE SPY'S HARD LOT.

THE case of the spy Kueperle who hanged himself in a London prison last Wednesday gains added interest from the extraordinary revelations of another German spy who has taken refuge in New York.

For the story of I. T. Tribich-Lincoln, a former British subject who became a member of Parliament and later entered the German Secret Service, as Mr. Lincoln tells the facts in *The World Magazine to-morrow*, links itself dramatically with the fate of the unfortunate Kueperle.

Kueperle's arrest was kept secret nearly two months. Meanwhile British experts imitated his handwriting and went on corresponding in his name with German officials in Holland—repeatedly asking for further instructions, which were duly forwarded.

But, Mr. Lincoln assures us, "the climax is to be found in the fact that the German Secret Service knew that Kueperle's alleged reports came from Scotland Yard and the requested instructions they sent ostensibly to Kueperle were indeed meant to mislead the British officials."

Mr. Lincoln was an active agent in this counterplot. His narrative taps many of Germany's underground wires.

The spy's lot is a hard one. His faithful work is known only to a few. His successes are never published. When fate overtakes him, his end is grim and lonely. Kueperle did his duty and went to his sacrifice. Since the honor of being shot like a soldier was refused him, rather than be hanged by the enemy he hanged himself.

Strange injustice of reward! The man who storms and takes the redoubt is glorified. The man who may have furnished the information that made the glorious deed possible is sacrificed—dies like a rat, cornered and killed in the obscurity of some prison. Yet both with equal heroism offered their lives to their country.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Best to the funniest thing in the world is the average Mayor of the average city dressed in his best suit and wearing a high hat waiting to welcome the distinguished visitor.—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

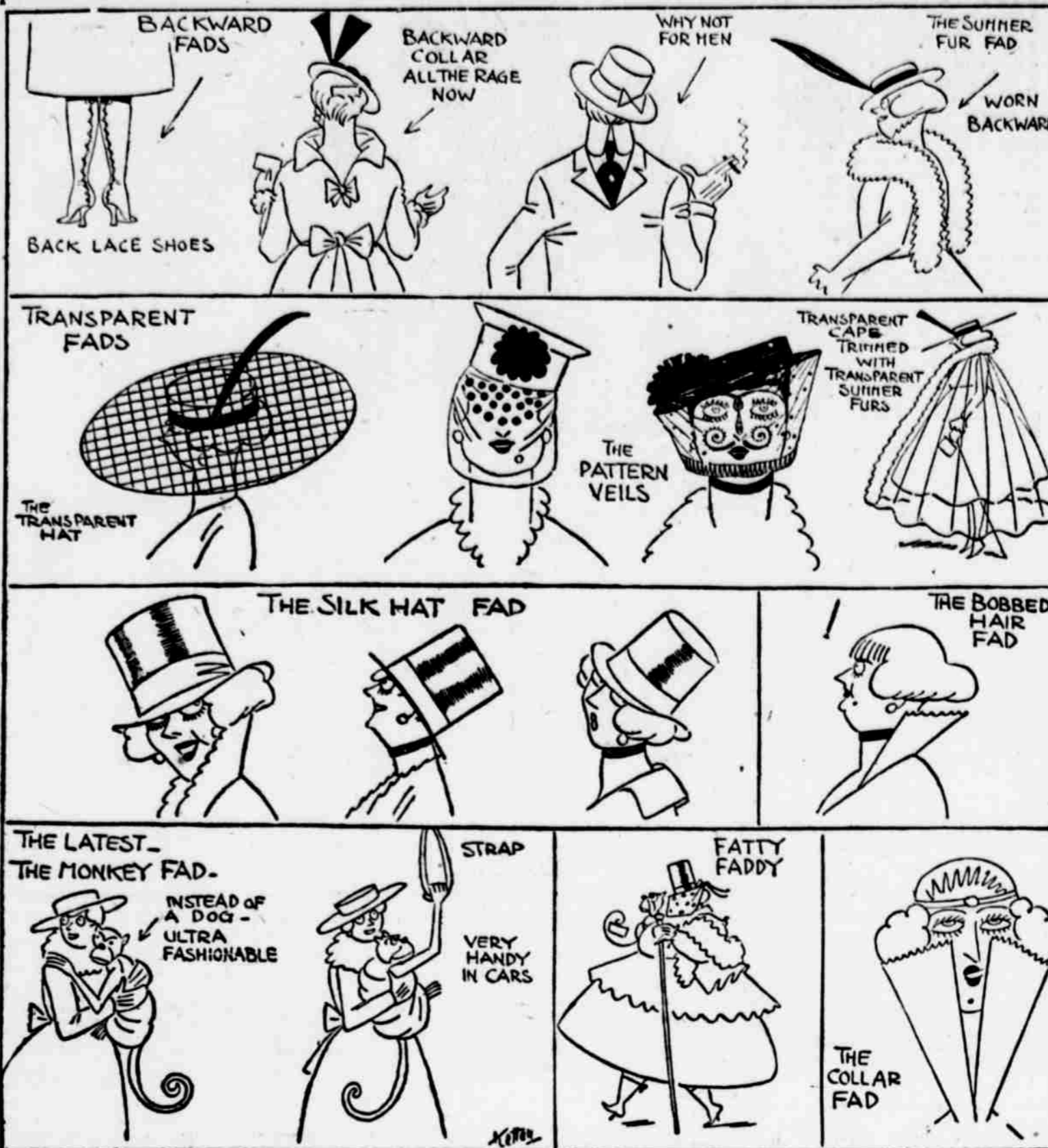
No matter how proud a man may be of his new straw hat, he can never know the value of keeping it shiny.—*Yonkers Journal.*

One good guess makes a prophet solid against half a dozen that go wrong.—*Albany Journal.*

Fads

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"JARR" said the children a little while," said Mrs. Jarr the other evening. "Mrs. Jarr and I are going over to see Kitty Robinson's baby. You know she was Clara Mudridge's cousin, and her husband is that tall man I introduced you to some weeks ago when we met him outside the store the day we went downtown to complain about the new icebox warping when it was sold to us fully guaranteed, and the man had the nerve to say it wasn't guaranteed against warping if the drain pipe was allowed to get choked up and the water got in behind the woodwork, although, goodness knows, it's just as well the drain pipe does choke up, because I never had a girl that could remember to empty a pan under an icebox, and the water runs all over the floor and through it. But what am I to do? Do you think if I am paying a girl I am going around emptying the icebox drain pan for her?"

"Beg pardon; did you say you were going around to see somebody's baby?" asked Mr. Jarr, wearily.

"Yes, it's Kitty Robinson's first baby," said Mrs. Jarr, "and she's raising it according to health rules, although I never saw a child yet that thrived simply because you took its temperature. She's always sticking a thermometer in the poor little thing's mouth, I hear. What good does that do a baby?"

"I shouldn't imagine there was much nourishment in a thermometer," said Mr. Jarr, "but what's the icebox?"

"Now it came to pass that this young man found some long-lost friends whom he had not seen for many years. They came to visit him in his glass house. They were young and pretty and had a broad outlook on life. They taught him some happy games and he marvelled that such things could be INTERESTING. They 'tripped' the light fantastic and taught him one or two harmless steps. He got into the rhythm of the thing and wanted to learn more. In fact, as usual with the pride, he insisted on learning the limit.

Then he invited others, who introduced to him wine and song, and occasionally there was a little rough house in the glass house. The man had been starved for so long (having continually preached that everything that was fun should be forbidden) that he cried for more and more. In truth, he was making up for all the years in which he had been strait-laced and hard-hearted and critical. But one evening he forgot himself, and his merry-making assumed big proportions.

Yet so long had he felt himself intrenched as the upholder of those whom he had ruled with a rod of iron that he believed no one could surely pass the least word of condemnation as to any conduct he might choose to pursue. To make a long fable short, living in a glass house, the people whom he could see, could see him. He had reckoned on this.

He was mistaken. And as he had judged, so he had judged. He now realized that no human is safe against temptation and that no human may criticize, lest the same thing happen to him.

Moral: People who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds.

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He appears before, under any circumstances and in any locality.

Now this way is open for the Colonel to launch a rod of iron, to launch a long fight on icebox and icebox. The whole country is open to him. He can go into Pennsylvania and attack Pennsylvania, for instance, with what practically amounts to a license from a New York jury to go as far as he likes. That the jury did not give him a clean bill doesn't bother the Colonel. A victory in any degree is a complete victory to him, and he will prove it to, by George.

"A Good Long Think."

"W" haven't heard much from our German-American friends since the President sent his note to Germany about the Lusitania," said the head pointer.

"The majority of our German-Americans are good American citizens," declared the laundry man. "Who can blame them for feeling sympathy for their Fatherland? They

Range says Kitty Robinson doesn't seem to care whether people call or not unless they talk about nothing but her wonderful baby; so if I'm late don't forget to empty the pan under the icebox; I'd empty it now myself before I go, but I've got my things on and I simply can't stoop over in this dress."

"What do you wear it for, then?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Do you think I'm going to dress for housework all the time?" replied Mrs. Jarr shrilly. "Here the girl's gone off, and I know she's forgotten to empty the pan under the icebox; she's left the supper dishes unwashed, and if she thinks I'm going to wash them she's mistaken. So I wait until she empties the pan. Now, don't forget it."

Mr. Jarr Heroically Obeys Orders, But That's All the Good It Does Him

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"Oh, I won't; I'll empty it now," said Mr. Jarr.

"Now, don't go running off just because I want to say a few words to you before I go out and goodness knows, I get out but seldom," said Mrs. Jarr. "Make little Emma drink some milk before she goes to bed, and if it is too cold warm it for her. And that will remind you to empty the pan when you go to the icebox for the milk."

"Depart in peace," said Mr. Jarr. "I won't forget. I won't fail you. I'll attend to everything and will stay right here watching for fires, burglars, bill collectors, old friends with a grudge and all other constant visitors and visitations."

In due time Mrs. Jarr returned. "Oh," said Mr. Jarr greeting her at the door, "I did not forget a thing. I emptied the pan; there it is."

"And you didn't put it back?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Why, the water has run all over the floor!"

Mr. Jarr got mad first. "If you'd stay at home and tend to things," he began.

"They'll be on speaking terms soon again, it is hoped."

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He made a big mistake in trying to force everybody to feel as they do, and when the United States became seriously involved they sat down and took a good long think. They discovered that no matter where the sympathy of their fellow citizens not of German blood might be in the great war, there is just one nation to be considered when the lives of citizens of the United States are sacrificed. That nation is the United States. And if the friendly relations between the United States and Germany should be disrupted you can bet that there won't be enough American flags in the stores of the country to supply the German-American demand.

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What Every Woman Thinks

By Helen Rowland

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OF MAN'S LATEST MODE IN MILLINERY.

"W" HAT'S THAT?" inquired the Widow as the Bachelor laid down a peculiar object made of straw, and looking like a cross between a kettle and a flower pot.

"That," repeated the Bachelor bitterly, "is my new spring hat!"

The Widow turned the strange object around in her hands and eyed it from all sides curiously. Then she placed her hand politely over her mouth and began to shake with silent mirth.

"That's right! Laugh! Taunt me! Rub it in!" exclaimed the Bachelor, desperately, flinging himself into an arm chair and snapping his cigarette case open viciously. "It isn't bad enough, I suppose, that I have to wear a thing like that for the next six weeks!"

"But," protested the Widow, suddenly suppressing her mirth, "if you don't like it why in the world did you buy it?"

"Because it's the only kind of a summer head covering I could find in the shops," grumbled the Bachelor. "Because it was either a case of going bareheaded or sweltering under a felt hat or 'taking the count' and succumbing to one of THESE."

"Poor boy!" exclaimed the Widow sympathetically. "Then you know at least how it feels!"

"Yes," sighed the Bachelor, "it feels like a cross between a coronet and a tomato can, but—"

"I mean," corrected the Widow, "you know how it feels to be a woman and to HAVE to wear any sort of crime, atrocity or barbarity that the milliners, tailors or dressmakers choose to inflict upon you. NOW, perhaps you men will stop railing at women for being slaves to fashion, since you know by sad experience how involuntary the servitude is and always has been."

"Tshaw!" sniffed the Bachelor, hedging. "You don't have to wear every fool fashion that appears in the shop windows!"

The "Primal Curse" Centres About a Hat.

"N" O," remarked the Widow with a shrug, "but if we didn't we should have to go about clad in a sweet smile and a bunch of violets. You yourself acknowledge that you HAD to buy a hat that makes you look like—er, look peculiar—just because you couldn't beg, bully or bribe the shopkeeper to show you any other kind. Well, that has been the curse of woman's life ever since fashions were invented! But, in the words of a devoted husband, 'Why don't you wear your last year's hat?' You looked awfully nice and picturesque in that, and—"

"I thought," interrupted the Bachelor hastily, "that you women were going to solve the clothes problem by adopting the 'Polymuriel' costume, and to defy the changes in styles by wearing a regulation dress just as men do. It will be a great day for the human race when you can put all the time, energy and thought that you now expend on changing from hobbling to ruffles and back to nobbles again into something really worth while."

The Widow rejoined moodily.

"Yes," she rejoined, "it will be a great day! When the Polymuriel has been decided upon and adopted ALL women will wear it—for about six weeks!"

"For—what?" mumbled the Bachelor in astonishment.

"For just as long as the tailors and dressmakers and manufacturers find it a profitable fad. Then, when they have sold out their stock of Polymuriels, they will invent something else to take its place, and you won't be able to find a Polymuriel between New York and San Francisco," announced the Widow. "It's a psychological and economic problem, Mr. Weatherly. That's the secret of woman's slavery to style!"

"Nonsense!" retorted the Bachelor. "Nobody on earth could make a MAN wear openwork stockings and low satin slippers in a snow storm, and a fur collarette around his neck on the Fourth of July!"

The Man Who Is Afraid to Look "Different."

"O" H, yes they could!" declared the Widow promptly, "if he couldn't find anything else to wear. Besides, there is no creature in the world who is so mortally afraid of looking, saying or doing anything 'different' as a man is. There is no creature on earth who shudders so acutely at the thought of being 'odd.' Why, he will even change the color of his hair or his complexion or his religion so as not to seem 'odd.' He'll even pretend to be wicked when he isn't because he thinks it looks 'odd' for a man to be good. He'll put purple powder and court plaster all over his reputation just as a woman does over her face; and nothing on earth hurts his vanity so much as to be seen in public with a woman who is three weeks on the wrong side of the fashions or half an hour behind time in the way of doing her hair."

He, well, admitted the Bachelor grudgingly, "of course a chap likes to have the women he takes about smart looking and chic and trim, but the very thought of the amount of money the average girl spends on her clothes makes him shudder at the idea of marrying. Now if all women would be strong minded and adopt the Polymuriel and stick to it!"

"They would save enough money," broke in the Widow with a rippling laugh, "for every man to go out and buy a new spring hat—like YOURS!"

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed the Bachelor recaptulating. "Put on that stuffy black and yellow thing of yours and let's go out in the park for a spin!"

My Wife's Husband

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE next day Grant and I started for the lake. The heat was stifling and, as I was pretty well worn out, I looked forward to my little vacation with pleasure. Jane had written that it was delightfully cool up there and even on the hottest days a cool breeze had made it comfortable.

We were very quiet on the trip up. It was too hot on the train even to talk. But when we reached the hotel and had had a bath and change of clothes we felt quite different. Grant was all for exploring the place, and he and Dorothy soon set off. But I felt languid, and the quiet was so restful, so soothing after the noise and bustle of the city, that I refused to move, and, taking some chairs, Jane and I sat on the balcony that ran along outside the windows.

Jane appeared rather glad to see me, and little John plainly showed his delight to have "daddy" with him. Out away to the station that morning Grant had insisted upon stopping so that he might buy some flowers and buttons; so I also had taken some to Jane and some pretty little things for John. They were both pleased, and I did not think it necessary to tell Jane that had it not been for Grant, had he not been with me, I should have been alone.

We Jane, the boy and myself, sat on the balcony talking until Grant and Dorothy returned from their walk. Several times I was tempted to tell Jane of the automobile, but unfortunately I restrained myself, and kept to my original plan, to surprise her.

"Come, George, you will only have time enough to dress before dinner," Jane called as she stepped through the windows into the room. "I am dressed all I am going to be!" I returned indignantly.

"Why, George, every one here dresses for dinner."

"Here's one that won't!"

"I don't intend to quarrel with you about it," Jane said coolly, "but I should think you would have consideration enough for me to do as I see fit. You say you sincerely regret to get up here again this summer, yet you refuse to show me the compliments of dressing for dinner."

"You are tired," I replied, feeling

very well. I must wait for Dorothy. Mother made me promise to wait for her. I have been waiting for you and I believe you are thinking of your patients and waiting for you were long. And you have only just arrived!"

Jane, but not wishing I were back. The city is unbearably hot, and the road home here is most welcome. I feel like a different man already, and believe I shall turn in. I'm sincerely sorry to keep my eyes open."

"Very well, I must wait for Dorothy. Mother made me promise to wait for her. I have been waiting for you and I believe you are thinking of your patients and waiting for you were long. And you have only just arrived!"

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